I'm afraid I must put off
Pensthorpe till Christmas

52 Tavistock Sq. Sunday.

Oh that was very nice, getting your letter. I had
a nightmare that you'd discovered Jay
Enid Jones or someone altogether nicer than I am.
And now you say you love me - what a relief.
I'm better, but O dear, I spent all last week
in bed - curse these headaches, all due to
waves, the silent book: & now have promised
to remain invalidish till we go away at
Christmas: no writing, no going to parties, lying

Don't hurt yourself out to come, if as probable, yours in an
abject rush

The Hon.
Mr. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

down, taking a short walk; it seems the only way to
stop the usual pain – not that it has had
only for ever coming back – And what I want is
to see you – But when? I mean, when would it
suit you? Here I am all day. I'm dining
alone next Wednesday (9th, I think) & if you
cd. come, we'd dine quietly (& wd. allow you,
tho' no one else) Let me know soon if you
can. But don't bother – I mean tell me a
day you're up. Rose come: are having
planted under my lodge window. Are you really
good ones? V

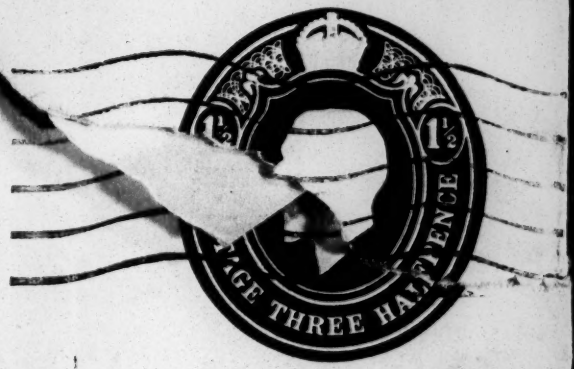
NYPL

HAMILTON BARKER 2/8/62

NYPL

Monks Horton. Dec. 29th

Well, dearest Mr. Peck; there was once a woman called Persica, & she had a small hairy animal called Potto. Does this bring anything back to mind? The sound of your lovely balmy voice coming across the marshes last night advising me to read Lady Somebody's Book — as I shall — stirred the embers of desire. Oh we've had such a wretched Christmas — telephones, wires, ready to start for Hungerford at any moment. Though you don't care for people? On Christmas Eve we thought he was dying. He is still very ill, — but now, apparently, its going on, up & down, — a thing called ulcerated Colon. And naturally my head which is not screwed right, began its infernal aching. Lord — I'd sell it cheap at auction. Why shouldn't Hugh have to endure his diabetes? That's only a matter of not eating



The Hon
Mr. H. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

sugar, whereas here I am, Inca hor. 25th, abstaining altogether from
love, frolic, excitement, vita, ink. Not a word have I written; &
the 4 books all surging in my head, shall be so next month, &
how am I ever to write them? And does it matter if I dont? Why
not give up waking, lavish my days in joy? I'm reading, reading;
& have rambled down to the river: its this cursed bring bound agney
friends that my downfall. No Ethel is sick or fevered or somehow
stricken – with Lady Balfour by her side, & waiting like 6
paralysed frogs hopping. But this NYPL better. And how happy the
sound of your voice made me, coming over the fields, & lighting
up the fishmongers window as it did this time how many years
ago? Potts cant count after 5 — so whats the good of
asking. As for seeing you, whats the chance? You

did say something about coming to your mother with the boys. But by
this time doubtless she's cut you out of her will again, & may have – who
knows – ordered a pound of chocolate creams to be sent to me. I
may go up to London on Saturday for the day – & I has to
do some broadcasting nonsense – otherwise I shall be here till
January week I hope, unless the Stracheys want us at Hungerford.
Poor people! Nessa says they all sit around in an Inn, waiting
for doctors, & all revolve & all quarrelling, & no one knowing what to
do next. And this has gone on since the first of Dec., or longer –
so, should they wish it, we will go, & play chess, or take a walk
or something. But I daresay not. And what about
Penshurst & Jessy? I'm so behindhand – I was going to
write about Sidney, & can't get back into the mood. Dotty

John Jay, is furious that we've not printed her poem for the new year.
I'm sorry, but I couldn't finish the last page, & we didn't
know she wanted it by then — but never mind — I sometimes
think, privately, that Dolly would do well to endow the
bed ridden with her £200 & leave poetry alone.

But Vita, on the other hand, should write a long
long poem, for Virginia: & below she does that. She
should sit down & write NYPL ever so long and intimate
a letter to Virginia. Now do try again, Vita: your first
attempt in the Dolomites is among my most
cherished possessions.

I wish I liked Desmond's
book as much as I like him — too much in the style of
Gosse: oh such flimsy criticism, not of people, but of
books. But no more. V.

LEWES
7 45PM
6 JAN.
19[illegible]
SUSSEX

The Hon
Mrs H. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

We've just been cut on the telephone —
~~360~~ Lewes — but that's a dead secret. I
385 wish you'd ring me up for fun.

Monks House

6th Jan.

My Dearest Creature Vant deny
that I have a coat of dyeing timber
in my heart for you — what they
call affection, ~~a~~ if it dies
it will be because you suffocate it
with the no doubt satisfactory
but to me rather too substantial
figure of Jones — of whom I'm
rather jealous. I do call her Jones
all about. There was I at
Rodmell & you with her — but I can't
really think Enid with — all her
seductions can be as nice, or as
interesting, as much of a lark
as — ~~he~~ someone I could touch
with a stick at this moment.
So this is to ask if you'll come & see
me on Monday next — (because you said

wanted to see me a second only
more modesty if you didn't ask, so in
future I shall ask you, without
thinking you'd rather be with Jones) —
& to what time? I expect I'm
alone for lunch, & in for tea & dinner —
since we only go back on Sunday & the
words now toil, & whatever the
phrase is, — torture toil & treason —
will not have corrupted me by then.
Yes, I am very very fond of you, &
what more I was very much touched,
almost to the point of tears by
Harold's farewell in action. — So honest &
so straightforward, & like a small boy
taking a caning. I hope he didn't really
mind, but I expect he did, more than he
let on. — On the other hand I thought
Mosley's farewell silly, braying, crafty,
pompous, insincere & flamboyant.
I wish you & Harold could live on
Outer Literature — poems & biographies —
& let them become, incidentally,

minister for foreign affairs, as he would.
Really I believe, if you would curb your
ancestral sumptuosity which I love —
George, Champagne, Pate de Foie Gras
for supper with mushrooms at
midnight & the walls of Long Barn
reeling & the voice of twenty bad sergeants
feeling (dear) always say I was a poet? —
(that a rhyme) Nay, if you'd draw in
your ancestral horns I believe you need
neither of you lap out of Beaver brooks
Dash, send your sons to Eton all the
same. Anyhow I'm glad you showed
Rothermere the door. But since you've
married an explosive, heaven knows
where he won't explode in Cowper, Lord
Mayt. I was sent a notice of 5
Gordon Square to look at — is it a nice
house? Rather noisy Sutton.

Ga, I knew you'd feel unhappy
as I did about Lytton. Showed
mind it to the end of my days — if he did
but they think he may get through now —
Like all Bracheys he has a kind of

Anglo Indian tenacity, beyond which he remains superbly calm, collected & cheerful, & likes to argue about Turks & beards — he must admit that this is admirable — what about 20 Stracheys & are collected in the Inn, with variations & mistresses, who all quarrel, as you may suppose. Ive, Jewish nose finery were immortal — I'm greatly at their mercy — & Then you go flaunting off with the widow Jones — I always endow dull Stodgy Commonplace women with widow hoods. I'm sending this — which is not what you may call an interesting, rather an abbreviated letter, to Lady Ba[illegible], somehow wishing to evade Penns — what on earth is wrong with Eddy? The now refuses to answer L's letters, couched though they were in the most conciliatory terms.

It's a torrent — a jab, — I'm rattling over the fine reading Lady C. Asquith with Enthusiasm — simply headed as I suppose she is: but what an adorable aristocrat. I like Aunts to collect boxes & tea for rich babies.

So let me know, honey, about Monday — V.

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

16th March. 1932

Oh dear, you are a generous, golden
hearted woman, dog, or whatever one may be.
Angelica gave a jump of delight
when I told her. She was altogether
taken aback: she's a heap. Indeed we were fond of
you — no, it's not Virginia Woolf:
but I'm handing on the impression
that they might act at Bishopsbourne.
I saw them at Midhurst, in a village Hall;
& were quite impressed. They run about
with a van, & rig it & do up themselves.
Ye, of course, you're coming — that's a
nice thought — on the 31st. Come
early, & we'll have a long, dear creature —
& in a way. Anyhow, I'll keep

free: unless you want to see Hugh, who
threatens, after covering the Pope for the
Daily Express in Rome, to come here.

I think it would be amazing
fun to do Jane Carlyle. But
instead of Leonardo?
And are you sure there's not a life?
I gather there's one read one.
What about George Sand? NYPL Sand
Who you see they just discovered
certain, but unprintable proof,
that she was a — I mean
of the tribe of Daphne?
Everything is explained: Musset, Chopin etc.

Such a rush.
Only meant for
thanks.

L.

Thursday

Dear old Creature,

I don't think I ever thanked you for the dogs — may I keep it ? perhaps we shd miss my Nog!
I've been rather submerged in tragedy — Carrington killed herself the day after we were there. I don't think anything could have stopped it — still.

But what I say now is, I'm going to the old Vic on Monday night to

See Duncan's ballet. Will you come? I believe
it ravishing.

Let me know. We are here this
week end: Oh a J'ne sais quoi seeing such
Divine Country, untouched, unspoilt,
unknown — when I mean to utter,
or the world, by the Sea, with great
Clumps of Cypresses planted
by Coke of Norfolk. But enough.
Will you come too?

NYPL

HAMILL & BARKER 2/3/62